A Hue and Cry
AFTER
TORY-HONESTY,

In a DIALOGUE between a
WHIGGISH and a *TORY* Evidence.

Tory. HUbbabow, Hullalow, Hullalow, undone, undone, undone, fait and trote a gra, the man with the Club Foot has rob'd me of all my Honesty.

Whig. Prethe how much hadst thou?

To. Oh cram a cree, I had a grain and a half left me by my Father and Mother, and I hid it in my Box of *Sneezing*, and this club-footed fellow snatch'd it from me, and ran away with it.

Wh. It may be it was *J. Arthur.*

To. No, by St. *Patrick*, I dare swear he has none of it; he would not take it up if he found it.

Wh. Well, but leave thy howling, and be of good cheer, thy Loss is not great, what great necessity is there for Honesty? By thy Life and Conversation, by thy Oaths and Perjuries, a man would swear thou never had any. I thought thou hadst valued one grain of Sneezing before a pound of Honesty.

To. Yes, so I doe; but I kept this for fear a Parliament should come and find me without it: For I have heard many say, that Honesty is the best Policy: I purpos'd to have kept Honesty in one Hand, and Knavery in the other; for a double Dealer is the only thriving man in this Age.

Wh. Thou art a Fool to think that Honesty will lodge in a Box with Knavery. What agreement is there between God and *Belial?* No more than there is between *Hethrington* and *Macknamarra*, or between *Bourk* and *Ivy*.

To. Oh but though I stink above ground now, yet I intended hereafter to be made sweet with my grain and a half of Honesty; and to tell the truly, I kept it to stand like a *Moses* in the Gap, to keep me from hanging: I would not give a Potatoe for my Brogue full of it, but for fear of an after Clap.

Wh. Leave thy blubbering Man, thou art many miles distant from a Parliament.

To. That's my Comfort *Whig*; but to my great grief, I saw in my Dream a great long Scroll of all our Rogueries in my L--d *Shaftsbury*'s Hand, which he spread just like a Table-cloath before the *Parliament*; and Oh how it did nettle me! It put me into such a violent Sweat, that when I awaked, I thought verily I had fallen into my Mother's bonny Clabber Pot. I could have wisht my self a grain of Barly, that my Father might have grinded me to Powder in his Quirn: My Heart was as heavy as if I had been Hag-ridden: I had not one free part about me; one would have thought the Quakers had had a general Meeting in my Body; for every Member fell a trembling. That Scrole was just like *Nebuchadnezzar*'s Hand-writing upon the Wall: It made my Face look pale, and my Eyes hollow, and my Knees smote one against another. I fancied I had swallowed *Ovid*'s *Metamorphosis*, there were such strange Shapes and Apparitions in my Imaginations: Now methought I saw *Roger* hang *Strange* 'Lee upon a Gibbet by the two Thumbs, and his Brother *Harry Clytus* weeping for fear of the same Fate. Anon

I fancyed the Devil *Tooke Bell* from his Ship in *Paul's* Church Yard, and the froth of *Heraclytus* his Brains, and burnt them *omnium gatherum*. After that methought there came half a dozen *Dons* from the Tower with their Heads in their Hands, and flung them at Old *Nick*, which serv'd the Boys for Foot-balls, till their Brains were beat out; and then came the grave *Joanna* (in her sable Weeds) with a Broom in her Hand, and swept them up, and sold them to the Priests for Relicks: Then began I to think of my Honesty. Oh thought I, what would I not give to be secure in this day of Visitation? I conceited *Thompson*, and a whole Tribe of Hireling Evidences ran away faster than the Embassador of *Morocco's* Estriches could do, and Justice pursued them, but could not overtake them; and the Protestants prick'd up their Ears, and were as brisk as a Body-Louse. Oh thought I, what a doleful day and what dismal Sights are these? Verily my Britch made Buttons, and I wisht with all my Heart, than when I lost my Honesty I had lost my Life.

Wh. Truly Honesty is a Jewel though now but little regarded by those of your Gang; and I know not how you will get it again, unless you throw away your Knavery; take my Advice *Tory*, mourn for thy Perjuries, and thy ill Practices; abhor them, and that Devil that put thee upon such unwarrantable Actions: prefer not *Romun* Gold before Heavenly Grace; nor the Promises of Mammon before the Promises of God: Do not make a Vertue of Necessity; but let Honesty be thy Delight and thy Choice, when there is no Sign of a Parliaments appearing, as well as when they are at thy Elbow: My Life for thine *Tory*, there are many of your Crue who now abhor our Parliaments, that will wish with *Balaam*, that they had died the Death of the righteous; and that their last end had been like theirs.

To. Well, they go far that never return: I'm afraid of their meeting, tho' we use our utmost Interest to the contrary, by Sham-plots, Evil Council, and many other pretty Devices.

Wh. But if thou hadst had but thy Grain and a half of Honesty, thou wouldst not have fear'd their Meeting, if thou feareſt a Parliament, only because of a few false Oaths, what may they do who stop the Streams of Justice? What may they do who abhor them, and go quite contrary in all their Actions to the Parliaments good Will and Pleasure? What may they do who vilifie them, and abuse them in Triumph, and labor by all means possible to dethrone our good King, and exalt an evil Pope?

To. What must they do? They must go to hing hang 'em, by what Names or Titles soever they are dignify'd or distinguish'd, whether the Right Reverend Square Caps, or the most Learned Round Caps, the raskally Penshioners, or the Roguish Papists, Noll's Fidlers, or the Pope's Printers, the Popish Miss, or the Devil's Midwife.

Wh. And then when they come to take their last Degrees at the three leg'd Colledge, we shall have some singing their late invented Song, *Hey Boys up go we.* Others the Old Song of Innocency, like their Fore-fathers, *Harcourt, Ireland, Pickering, Plunket, Whitebread*, &c. though there be a thousand Witnesses against them.

To. 'Faith, now I think on't, I'd better turn in time, and be an honest *Whig*, than hang hereafter for being a knavish *Tory*.

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